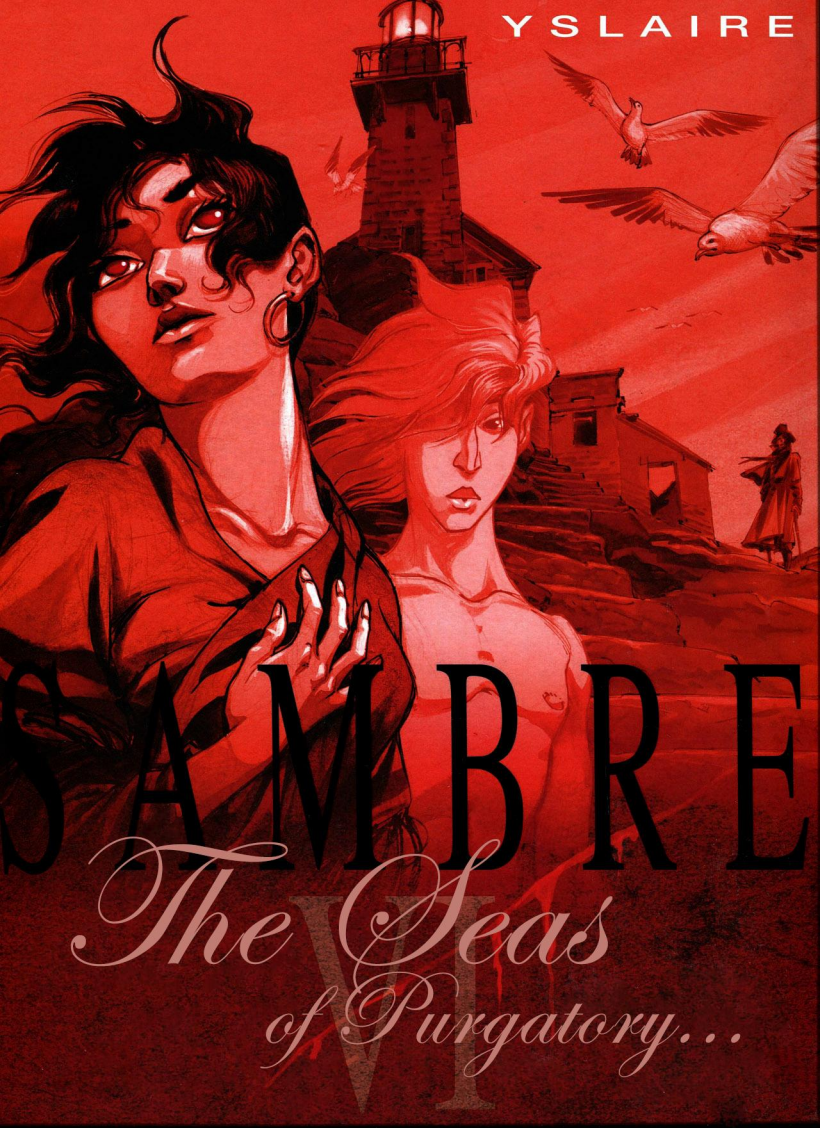

YSLAIRE
SAMBRE
The Seas
of Purgatory...
VI

Testi
YSLAIRE
con la partecipazione di **BALAC**

Disegni e colori
YSLAIRE

Lettering
ALESSANDRO BENEDETTI

Traduzione
DANIELE BROLLI
VANIA VITALI

Supervisione
ENRICO FORNAROLI

100% CULT COMICS: SAMBRE
Un libro di Panini Comics, divisione editoriale di Panini S.p.A. Redazione e direzione: Panini Comics, viale Emilio Po 380, 41100 Modena. www.paninicomics.it Stampa: Arti Grafiche U. Soncini, via G. Agnelli 11, 42016 Guastalla (RE). Distribuzione per il circuito librario: Pan Distribuzione, via Cesare Della Chiesa 219, 41100 Modena (telefono 059.382.111). Sambre © Editions Glénat. www.glenat.com. All rights reserved. Per l'edizione italiana: © 2008 Panini S.p.A.

Amministratore delegato **ALDO H. SALLUSTRO** Direttore editoriale **MARCO M. LUPOI** Direttore mercato Italia **SIMONE AIROLDI** Marketing **MATTEO FORNASIERO**, **GIANNI VECCIA**, **SERENA GUBBELINI** Publishing manager Italia **ANDREA RIVI** Coordinamento editoriale **MARCELLO RIBONI** Supervisione **ENRICO FORNAROLI** Web editor **STEFANO MUNARINI** Redazione **GIAN LUCA RONCAGLIA** (coordinamento), **MARCO BAZZOCCHI** (cura redazionale), **MARCO CARLINI**, **FEDERICA VACCHETTI** Ufficio estero **ANNALISA CALIFANO**, **BEATRICE DOTI**, **SARA MATTIOLI** Ufficio grafico **MARIO CORTICELLI** (art director), **PAOLA LOCATELLI** (responsabile linea grafica), **ROBERTO M. RUBBI**, **ALESSIO TRIPPETTA** Ufficio produzione **ALESSANDRA GOZZI** (responsabile di produzione), **FRANCESCA AIELLO**, **ANDREA BISI**, **LINDA LEPORATI**, **LORENZO RAGGIOLI**

YSLAIRE

CHAPTER 6 - THE THIRD GENERATION (1856 - 1860)

SAMBRE

The Seas of Purgatory...

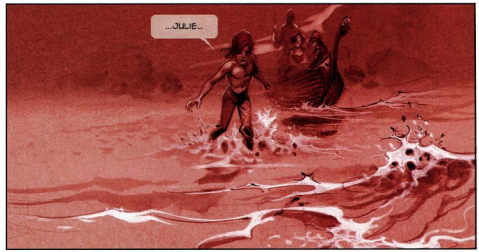
Glénat

Dedication
For Baudoin, Isabelle, and Frédéric, my brothers and sister.
They alone understand that my story belongs to them.
I owe it all to them.

The Seas of Purgatory...

The Sixth Chapter

Skywore Island, May 1857...



REMEMBER?... WE SWORE WE WOULD DIE TOGETHER...
...SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? COME. JOIN ME ON MY ISLAND...
...DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE?

...DID YOU FEEL THAT??

WATER'S COMING IN THROUGH THE PORT SIDE!

...HELP!! GUARD!
THEY'LL LET US DIE, THEY WILL!
...YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE STILL CHAINED TOGETHER...

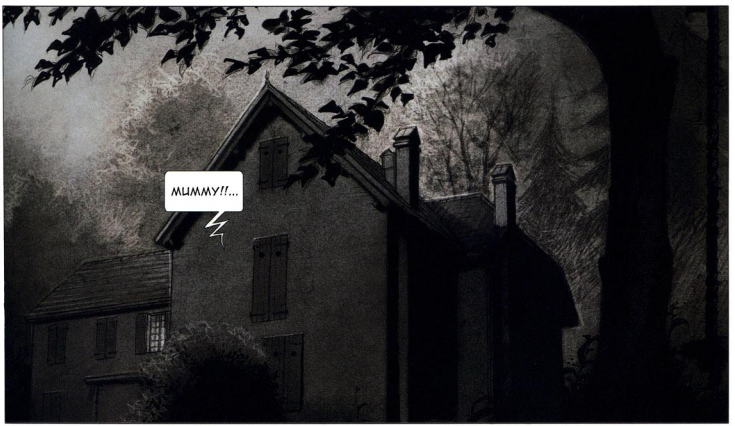
...ALL PRISONERS ON DECK! HURRY!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

DON'T YOU GET IT? EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!!

OUTTA THE WAY! I AIN'T GONNA DIE IN NO SHIP-WRECK!
...WHERE ARE THE LIFEBOATS??
TOO LATE! ALL THE RATS HAVE ALREADY ABANDONED SHIP!
DON'T TELL ME YE PLAN TO SWIM?... WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!!
THE COAST CAN'T BE FAR... WE CAN MAKE IT IF WE WORK TOGETHER...
BESIDES, WE WERE ALREADY CONDEMNED...
BUT I...

WE HAVE NO CHOICE! JUMP!!
I C-CAN'T... SWIM!!! I CAN'T SWIM!!...
HEY! LET GO! LET ME GO, YOU'RE GOING TO...
NO! I CAN'T! I...

JULIE... MY POOR JULIE...
AREN'T YOU TIRED OF FIGHTING?
COME JOIN ME ON MY ISLAND... IT'S SO PEACEFUL... YOU'LL SEE. NO MORE FIGHTING, NO MORE STORMS...
YOU JUST HAVE TO KISS ME... JUST ONE KISS...
PLEASE, KISS ME...

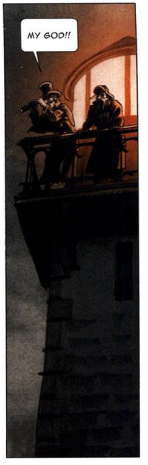

MUMMY!!...

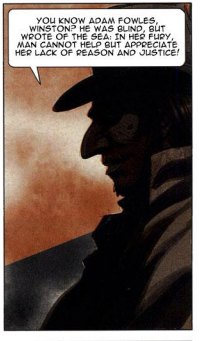
ROSINE? ROSINE!
WHERE'VE YOU RUN OFF TO NOW?

BUT MISS... I WAS SLEEPING...
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY!? CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM CALLING ME? HE COULD BE IN DANGER!
HE'S SHOUTING "MUMMY"... JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER NIGHT WHEN HE HAS A NIGHTMARE... MUMMY, NOT AUNTIE!
HOW DARE YOU? SHALL I CALL GASPARD TO PUNISH YOU FOR YOUR DISRESPECT?
MISS, I'LL HAVE YE KNOW IT'S FIVE IN THE MORNING AND MY DUTIES DON'T BEGIN UNTIL...
YOUR PRIMARY DUTY IS TO HELP ME AT WHATEVER TIME I REQUIRE IT! I AM BLIND, OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?
TAKE ME TO HIS BEDROOM, OR I SWEAR I'LL...
AUNTIE!!
I'M HERE, DEAR! I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD!!
AUNTIE! AUNTIE! I SAW HORRIBLE THINGS...

...THOUSANDS OF IMAGES BURNING ME INSIDE...
I KNOW. AN EYE INJURY IS TERRIBLY PAINFUL! YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD CRY IN PAIN ALL NIGHT...
AUNTIE, I SAW... ALL MY ANCESTORS IN A BOAT, NEAR AN ISLAND... AND MY FATHER WAS CALLING ME...
...AND THEN I SAW... I SAW MY MOTHER'S FACE. SHE'S ALIVE, AUNTIE!!
GO BACK TO SLEEP MY DEAR. IT WAS A NIGHTMARE... YOUR MOTHER DIED A LONG TIME AGO!
NO, NO! I SWEAR I SAW HER!!
MY DEAR... I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE AFRAID! DURING MY EVERY WAKING MOMENT I SEE MY ANCESTORS...
...BUT THEY'RE IN MY HEAD, SINCE I'M BLIND. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SEE THEM!
YES, BUT I SEE BOTH! THE LIVING AND THE DEAD!
LISTEN CLOSELY, BERNARD-MARIE. I'M GOING TO ENTRUST YOU WITH A GREAT SECRET! A FAMILY SECRET!
...IF YOU SHOULD EVER SEE SOMEONE WHO YOU'RE NOT SURE IS ALIVE OR DEAD, LOOK DEEP IN THEIR EYES AND YOU WILL KNOW! FOR THE EYES ARE A WINDOW INTO THE SOUL!
AUNTIE... DON'T GET MAD, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DID WHAT YOU SAID AND MUMMY HAD RED EYES...
YES, AND WHEN YOU GAZE DEEP INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, YOU FEEL A KIND OF HEAT THAT SLOWLY INVADES YOUR FLESH, PENETRATING SO DEEP THAT THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS BEGINS TO BOIL, DON'T YOU?

YES, THAT'S EXACTLY IT!
SO THEN YOU KNOW, BERNARD-MARIE! YOU KNOW THAT SHE IS NO LONGER OF THIS WORLD!
BUT... THE DEAD SHOULD BE COLD, RIGHT?
WHAT WOULD YOU EXPECT TO FEEL IF YOU PLUNGED YOUR EYES INTO THE DEPTHS OF HELL?
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, BERNARD-MARIE? EACH TIME YOU SEE THIS RED GLOW, THIS TINY FLAME WITHIN THE GAZE OF ANOTHER, YOU WILL KNOW THAT DEATH IS STARING BACK AT YOU!
IT'LL BE FINE, ROSINE. IT'LL BE FINE! HE'S GONE BACK TO SLEEP REASSURED..
BUT HOW IS HIS EYE? IS IT STILL BLEEDING?
ROSINE... HOW COULD I POSSIBLY KNOW?
DO YOU THINK HE'LL DIE?
WHO KNOWS IF HIS EYE WILL HEAL? HE'S A HEMOPHILIAC AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T SPEAK OF IT NEAR HIM! THE VERY STRESS OF KNOWING ABOUT HIS CONDITION COULD KILL HIM!


MY GOD!!


YOU KNOW ADAM FOWLES, WINSTON? HE WAS BLIND, BUT WROTE OF THE SEA. IN HIS FURY, MAN CANNOT HELP BUT APPRECIATE HER LACK OF REASON AND JUSTICE!

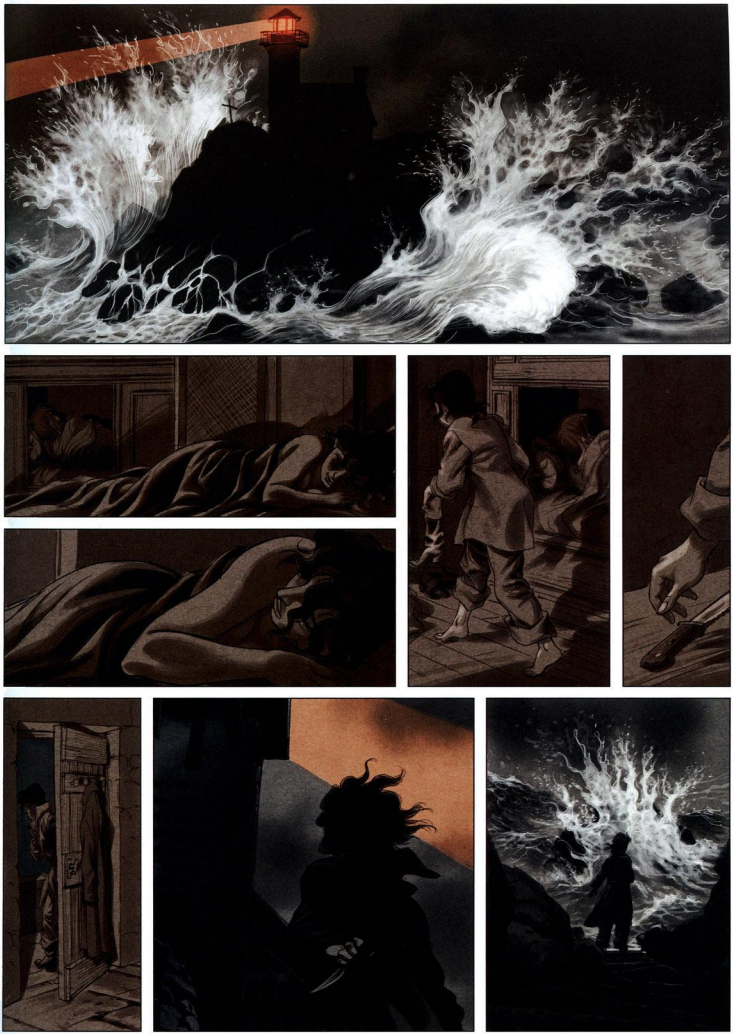
A MIRACLE, WINSTON! THAT GIRL IS A MIRACLE!...

..WE'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AND GET HER..

I SEE YOU'RE NOT ONE FOR CONVERSATION...
...WHAT A PITY!... ALL YEAR ROUND I'M STUCK IN THIS LIGHTHOUSE WITH ONLY A MUTE FOR COMPANY, AND I DO SO LOVE CONVERSING WITH FRENCH FOLKS...
...FRENCH CONVICTS, EVEN...
I'D LIKE MORE SOUP, PLEASE.
SHE SPEAKS! HM... I SUPPOSE IT'S BEEN AWHILE SINCE YOU'VE HAD A FULL STOMACH?

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
JUNE...
WHAT'S THAT?... JANE?
YES... JANE.
...JANE NO-NAME, THEN?...
SORRY! I UNDERSTAND! YOU'DE AFRAID I'LL TURN YOU IN TO THE POLICE...
BESIDES, I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF... ADAM SCOTT SHAGREEN, AT YOUR SERVICE, MISS! WELCOME TO THE SKYVORE ARCHIPELAGO, IRELAND! YOU'DE QUITE LUCKY!
...LUCKY? YOU DON'T SAY...
OH, BUT I DO SAY! IT'S A MIRACLE! THE WOMAN THAT WAS CHAINED TO YOU DROWNED...
I ALSO SAW THE TWO LIFEBOATS CAPSIZE UNDER THE WAVES, TOSSED ABOUT LIKE PILES OF STRAW! THE POOR LADS!
FOR THE OTHERS THAT SURVIVED, THEY'VE FIRED THE CANNONS TO WARN THE SEARCH PARTIES ON THE COAST. ALWAYS WERE A LOT OF SHIPWRECKS HERE... AND NOBODY LIKES A SHIPWRECK!
BUT THEY WON'T COME LOOKING HERE, NOT ON LITTLE SKYVORE, NOR ON SKYVORE MICHAEL, THE BIG ISLAND... THEY KNOW NOBODY CAN ESCAPE FROM HERE, ESPECIALLY IN THIS STORM! NOT EVEN AN IRISH SAILOR WOULD TRY IT!...
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

TO WARN YOU... BECAUSE PRISONERS ARE ALWAYS LOOKING TO ESCAPE, NO?
BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE SAFE HERE. NOBODY EVER COMES HERE UNLESS IT'S TO BELIEVE THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS... BUT WE'VE BEEN WAITING ON THAT FOR THREE YEARS, HAVEN'T WE WINSTON?
PLEASE EXCUSE HIM! WINSTON IS SHY, BUT HE'S A GOOD FELLOW!
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER THE QUESTION. WHY ARE YOU BEING SO CHARITABLE?
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU... BEFORE I BECAME A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, I WAS A DOCTOR IN THE ENGLISH ARMY, IN CRIMEA... IT'S MY JOB TO SAVE FOLKS, MY FATHER TOLD ME IT WAS MY LOT IN LIFE!
NOW... SPEND JUST ONE NIGHT LISTENING TO THE HOWLING OF THE WIND AND THE STORM, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE DESPERATE FOR CONVERSATION AROUND HERE... EVEN CONVERSATION WITH A CONVICT...
AND IF I STAY SILENT, WILL YOU THROW ME OUT?
WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO BE MEAN? DID YOUR TIME IN PRISON MAKE YOU THAT WAY?
LISTEN... IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET SOME CONVERSATION OUT OF ME BY DELVING INTO MY PAST, YOU'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED!

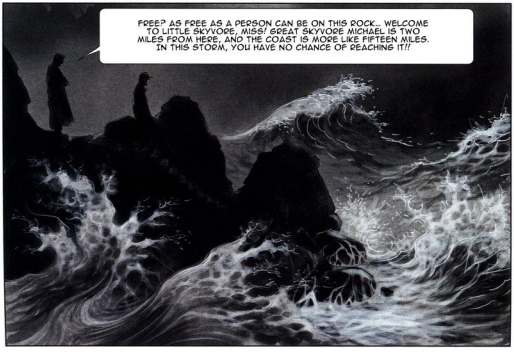


YOU SHOULD COME BACK INSIDE, MISS! YOU COULD GET CAUGHT IN A SWELL...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? INSOMNIA?.. JUST LEAVE ME BE!

YOU GOT NO REGARD FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.. YOU TRYING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED??
AFTER EIGHT YEARS IN PRISON, I CAN'T STAND BEING IN ENCLOSED SPACES, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND..

YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO HELP PEOPLE, RIGHT? WELL, IT WOULD BE A BIG HELP IF YOU HAD A BOAT..

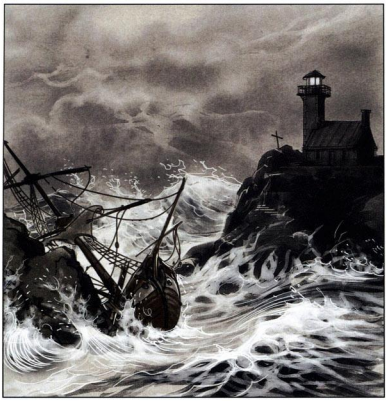
SORRY, BUT... I CAN'T LET YOU! TOO DANGEROUS!
NO, I'M SORRY! I DON'T NEED TO BE LECTURED! I HAVE TO TRY... AFTER ALL, I'M FREE NOW, RIGHT?


FREE? AS FREE AS A PERSON CAN BE ON THIS ROCK... WELCOME TO LITTLE SKYVORE, MISS! GREAT SKYVORE MICHAEL IS TWO MILES FROM HERE.. AND THE COAST IS MORE LIKE FIFTEEN MILES. IN THIS STORM, YOU HAVE NO CHANCE OF REACHING IT!!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE COAST?

I SIMPLY DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU! YOU'VE GONE MAD FROM FEVER!
NO! LOOK! THERE!
YOU COULDN'T UNDERSTAND... HE'S WAITING FOR ME! HE'S CALLING ME...
WHO? WHO? MY GOODNESS?! YOU'RE DELIRIOUS!
WE'RE GOING BACK INSIDE!! RIGHT NOW!!
DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME OR...
BE REASONABLE!! YOU WERE ALREADY SO LUCKY TO HAVE SURVIVED THE SHIPWRECK! I'D EVEN CALL IT A MIRACLE! WHY TEMPT FATE?
SHUT UP! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! IT WASN'T A MIRACLE!!
SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I WAS STRUCK BY A MUSKET BALL. JUST A FEW INCHES FROM MY HEART! EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD... I SHOULD HAVE DIED! I WANTED TO DIE!
...AND YET... IT WAS MY DESTINY TO SURVIVE! IT WAS MY CURSE... I WAS... CONDEMNED...
...TO LIVE!!...

HOW LONG YOU PLANNING ON KEEPING HER HERE, DOC?
HOWEVER LONG SHE NEEDS TO GET BETTER.
WE'LL HAFTA NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES... THE ENGLISH...
C'MON, WINSTON. WOULD THAT REALLY BE THE CHRISTIAN THING TO DO? SEND HER BACK TO PRISON IN THAT STATE?
I'M JUST CONCERNED FER OUR SAFETY, MISTER SHAGREEN!
WE OUGHT TO LET HER RECOVER BEFORE WE START ASSUMING THE WORST...
MMH...
YOU SEEN THIS GIRL'S EYES?
YES. THEY'RE RED! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF, WINSTON? WHAT, EH? AFRAID SHE'LL CAST A SPELL ON US?
DON'T WORRY... SO LONG AS YOU STAY WITH ME, NOBODY WILL TURN YOU IN...
...TO BE HONEST, NOBODY AROUND HERE REALLY LIKES THE ENGLISH ANYWAY. NOBODY'S FORGOTTEN THE GREAT FAMINE OF 1848...
NOW LISTEN. YOU HAVE TWO BROKEN RIBS AND A BAD FEVER. I RECOMMEND LOTS OF REST. TWO OR THREE WEEKS OUGHT TO GET YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET...
...BUT DON'T YOU EVEN THINK OF SWIMMING FOR IT, OR I'LL SEND YOU OFF TO ALGERIA MYSELF!!



ALGERIA WASN'T MY DESTINATION... IT WAS CAYENNE...

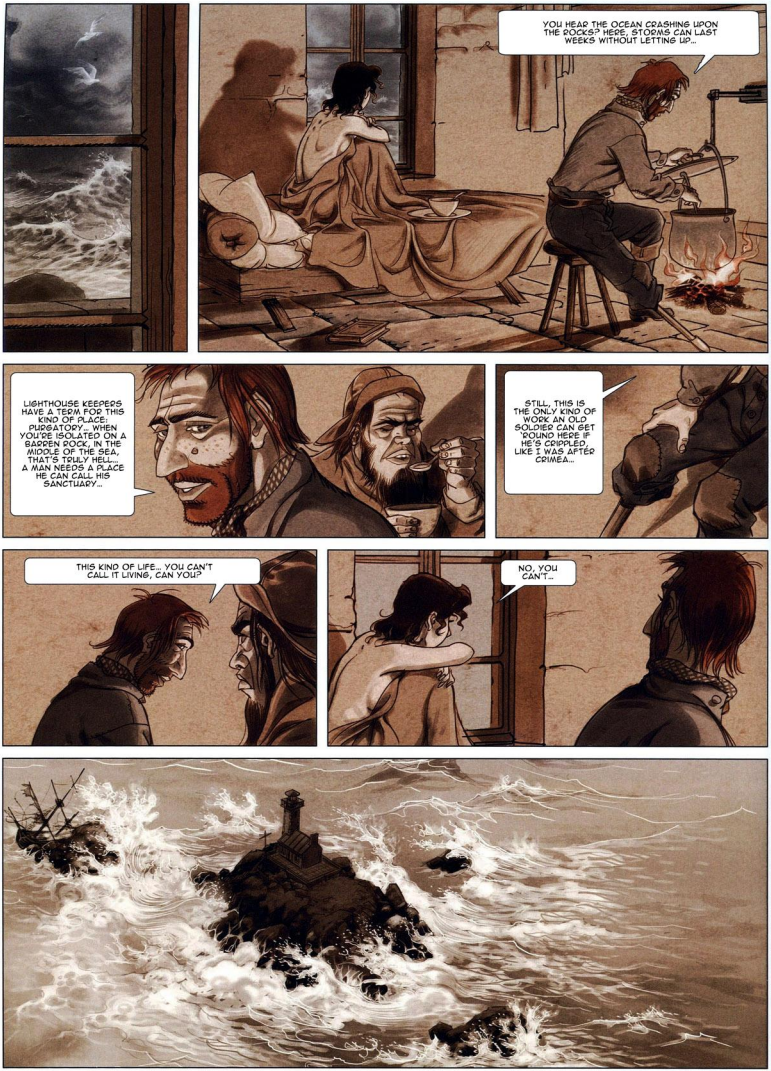
...WE LEFT FROM BREST. AFTER THE INSURRECTION OF '48, THEY SENT ME TO ALGERIA FIRST, THEN I SPENT EIGHT YEARS IN BREST...

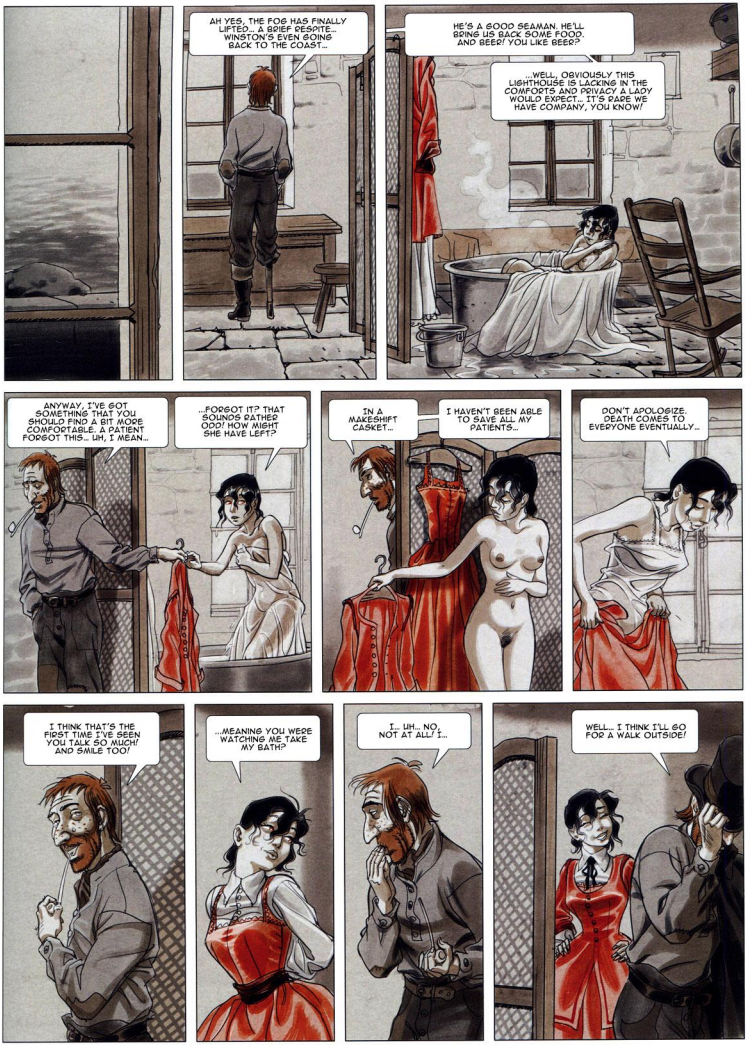
...POLITICAL EXILE... CONDEMNED TO FORCED LABOR. YES, I SAW THAT "F.L." ON YOUR SHOULDER. I DIDN'T KNOW THEY STILL BRANDED FOLKS LIKE THAT!? HOW TERRIBLE!!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ASK ME WHY? WHAT CRIME I COMMITTED?

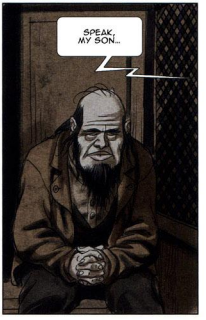
IT DOESN'T INTEREST ME. MY JOB IS TO SAVE FOLKS, NOT JUDGE THEM.

BESIDES, THE PAST IS LIKE AN INCURABLE ILLNESS. SOMETIMES THERE ARE WAYS TO TREAT IT, BUT IT CAN NEVER FULLY HEAL... SO WHAT'S THE USE IN DISCUSSING IT?


YOU HEAR THE OCEAN CRASHING UPON THE ROCKS? HERE, STORMS CAN LAST WEEKS WITHOUT LETTING UP...
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS HAVE A TERM FOR THIS KIND OF PLACE: PURGATORY... WHEN YOU'RE ISOLATED ON A BARREN ROCK, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, THAT'S TRULY HELL... A MAN NEEDS A PLACE HE CAN CALL HIS SANCTUARY...
STILL, THIS IS THE ONLY KIND OF WORK AN OLD SOLDIER CAN GET 'ROUND HERE IF HE'S CRIPPLED, LIKE I WAS AFTER CRIMEA...
THIS KIND OF LIFE... YOU CAN'T CALL IT LIVING, CAN YOU?
NO, YOU CAN'T...


AH YES, THE FOG HAS FINALLY LIFTED... A BRIEF RESPITE... WINSTON'S EVEN GOING BACK TO THE COAST...
HE'S A GOOD SEAMAN. HE'LL BRING US BACK SOME FOOD AND BEER! YOU LIKE BEER?
...WELL, OBVIOUSLY THIS LIGHTHOUSE IS LACKING IN THE COMFORTS AND PRIVACY A LADY WOULD EXPECT... IT'S RARE WE HAVE COMPANY, YOU KNOW!
ANYWAY.. I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULD FIND A BIT MORE COMFORTABLE. A PATIENT FORGOT THIS... UH, I MEAN...
...FORGOT IT? THAT SOUNDS RATHER ODD! HOW MIGHT SHE HAVE LEFT?
IN A MAKESHIFT CASKET...
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SAVE ALL MY PATIENTS...
DON'T APOLOGIZE. DEATH COMES TO EVERYONE EVENTUALLY...
I THINK THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN YOU TALK SO MUCH! AND SMILE TOO!
...MEANING YOU WERE WATCHING ME TAKE MY BATH?
I... UH.. NO, NOT AT ALL! I...
WELL... I THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK OUTSIDE!

BY THE WAY... I'VE WANTED TO ASK THIS FOR A FEW DAYS NOW... THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES... WERE YOU BORN THAT WAY, OR...?
NO.
...I HAD BLUE EYES AT BIRTH... IT WAS AROUND TWELVE YEARS OLD THAT THEY CHANGED... IT WAS THE SAME WITH MY MOTHER...
DUE TO A CHILDHOOD ILLNESS, I SUPPOSE...?
...IT'S NOT VERY ROMANTIC, IS IT?
HOLD ON THERE, HOLD ON!... I ONLY MEANT... I...
RED EYES ARE VERY RARE... I REMEMBER CARING FOR A RUSSIAN OFFICER IN CRIMEA, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SIMFEROPOL... HE SAID HE HAD KILLED HIS BROTHER OUT OF UNREQUITED LOVE FOR HIS SISTER... A GIRL NAMED ANNA, WITH EYES LIKE YOURS...
I THOUGHT HE WAS MAD, OR DELIRIOUS... YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE COUSINS ACROSS THE BLACK SEA??...
I KNOW THAT MY MOTHER WAS FROM TRANSYLVANIA. BUT BEYOND THAT... NO, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ALONE...

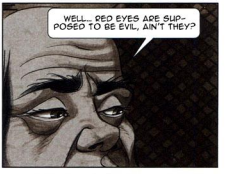

SPEAK, MY SON...

YESTERDAY, YER COUSIN AND I SAVED A YOUNG GIRL AT THE LIGHTHOUSE, FATHER. SHE WAS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE. PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T TELL YE THIS.. BUT SHE'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT...

IT IS NOT A SIN TO BRING A MISCREANT TO A DOCTOR. BUT IT IS A SIN TO HELP THEM ESCAPE JUSTICE!

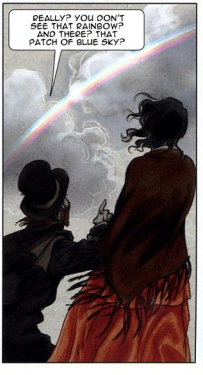
TELL ME, FATHER.. HOW'D A MAN TELL IF A WOMAN WAS EVIL? BY THE COLOR OF HER EYES?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, WINSTON? THAT THIS WOMAN IS TEMPTING YOU WITH SIN?

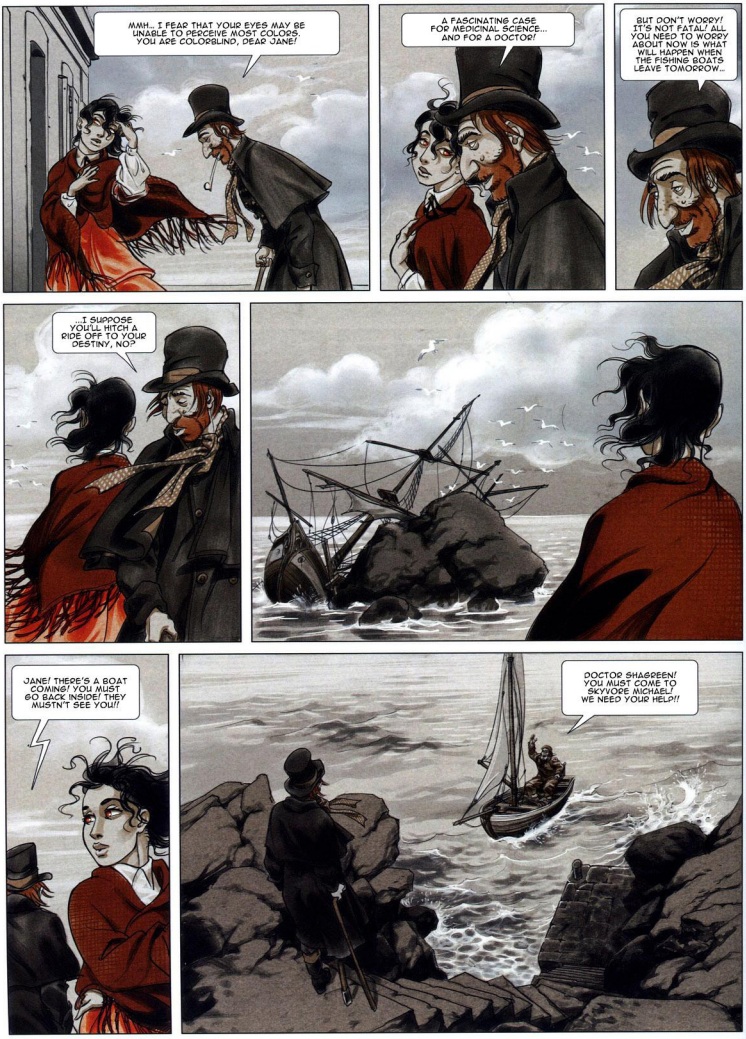

WELL... RED EYES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE EVIL, AIN'T THEY?

A CONVICT WITH RED EYES, LIVING WITH MY COUSIN.. YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING, WINSTON?

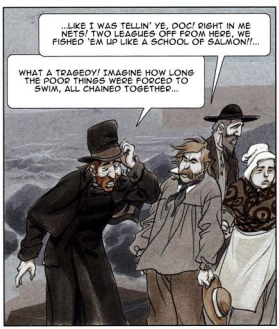
YOU SEE THAT? IT'S MARVELLOUS, NO?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


REALLY? YOU DON'T SEE THAT RAINBOW? AND THERE? THAT PATCH OF BLUE SKY?

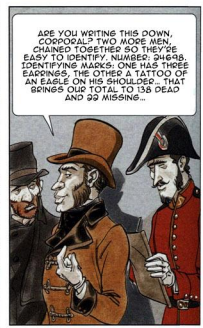
NO, I DON'T. I ONLY SEE GRAY.


MMH... I FEAR THAT YOUR EYES MAY BE UNABLE TO PERCEIVE MOST COLORS. YOU ARE COLORBLIND, DEAR JANE!
A FASCINATING CASE FOR MEDICINAL SCIENCE... AND FOR A DOCTOR!
BUT DON'T WORRY! IT'S NOT FATAL! ALL YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT NOW IS WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE FISHING BOATS LEAVE TOMORROW...
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL HITCH A RIDE OFF TO YOUR DESTINY, NO?
JANE! THERE'S A BOAT COMING! YOU MUST GO BACK INSIDE! THEY MUSN'T SEE YOU!!
DOCTOR SHAGREEN! YOU MUST COME TO SKYVOOE MICHAEL! WE NEED YOUR HELP!!

YOU DIDN'T ANSWER HIS QUESTION, JULIE... WHERE WILL YOU GO AFTER THIS?
WON'T YOU ANSWER?
I DON'T KNOW! I JUST DON'T KNOW...


...LIKE I WAS TELLIN' YE, DOC! RIGHT IN ME NETS! TWO LEAGUES OFF FROM HERE. WE FISHED 'EM UP LIKE A SCHOOL OF SALMON!!...
WHAT A TRAGEDY! IMAGINE HOW LONG THE POOR THINGS WERE FORCED TO SWIM, ALL CHAINED TOGETHER...

YEP... AND I'D RECKON THE STORM AIN'T YET FINISHED SENDING THEIR CORPSES OUR WAY!
WELL, I SHOULD HOPE NOT, MY GOOD MAN! THE GOVERNMENT PREFERS CORPSES TO FUGITIVES!


ARE YOU WRITING THIS DOWN, CORPORAL? TWO MORE MEN, CHAINED TOGETHER SO THEY'RE EASY TO IDENTIFY. NUMBER: 24698. IDENTIFYING MARKS: ONE HAS THREE EARRINGS, THE OTHER A TATTOO OF AN EAGLE ON HIS SHOULDER... THAT BRINGS OUR TOTAL TO 138 DEAD AND 99 MISSING...

TELL THE MAYOR TO GATHER EVERYONE IN THE PORT CAFE.
WHO'S THE FRENCH BLOKE?
HE'S THE RIGHT HAND OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR, MATTHEW! HIS JOB IS TO HUNT DOWN AND CAPTURE ESCAPED CRIMINALS, DEAD OR ALIVE!!...

YES, THAT'S OUR SON... MY SISTER ADOPTED HIM, AS YOU KNOW. HE'LL GROW UP FAR AWAY FROM YOU...
HE ALREADY CARRIES THE SAMBRE NAME. HE'LL FORGET HE EVER HAD A CONVICT FOR A MOTHER...
PLEASE! STOP...
...JUST TAKE ME TO YOUR ISLAND!
WELL, COME ALONG THEN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR EIGHT YEARS!
BUT YOU... SOMETHING'S HOLDING YOU BACK. YOU HOPE TO ONE DAY SEE YOUR SON AGAIN, DON'T YOU?

GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN! I AM CAPTAIN GOSSWELL, UNDER THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. HE HAS TASKED ME WITH FINDING THE CONVICTS THAT USED THE SHIPWRECK AS AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE!
OH? SO THEY DIDN'T ALL DROWN IN THE STORM?
INDEED, GIVEN THE PROXIMITY TO THESE ISLANDS, IT IS PROBABLE THAT SOME WERE ABLE TO SWIM TO SAFETY... AND HIDE HERE!
HE'S JUST A FRENCHIE! WHAT DOES HE KNOW?
AT THIS TIME OF YEAR? NONSENSE! IF WE CAN BARELY MAKE IT BY BOAT, SWIMMING WHILE CHAINED TOGETHER'D BE IMPOSSIBLE...
I'D RATHER BE SURE. THE FRENCH BRAND OF JUSTICE REQUIRES CERTAINTY...
TO DATE WE COUNT STILL TWENTY-TWO MISSING. FOUR WOMEN AND EIGHTEEN MEN WHOSE BODIES HAVE NOT BEEN FOUND...
SO THERE WERE WOMEN ABOARD THE DESIRE...
WELL HEY, I'M SURE THE EMPORER WANTED TO GET RID OF ALL THIS DIRTY LAUNDRY...
THIS IS NO TIME FOR CHIVALRY, GENTLEMEN! I'LL REMIND YOU THAT ALL THESE MEN AND WOMEN ARE CRIMINALS BEFORE ALL ELSE!!
AMONG THE WOMEN IS ONE PARTICULAR GIRL. YOU'D RECOGNIZE HER BY THE COLOR OF HER EYES. A SICKNESS IN HER YOUTH GAVE HER RED EYES, LIKE AN ALBINO...
THIS WOMAN IS A DANGER TO YOUR FAMILIES!!
WELL? I'M WAITING! MIGHT ANYONE HAVE INFORMATION THAT COULD HELP THE PURSUIT OF JUSTICE?

JANE! YOU'RE MAD! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?
...WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'M JUST WATCHING THE SEA...

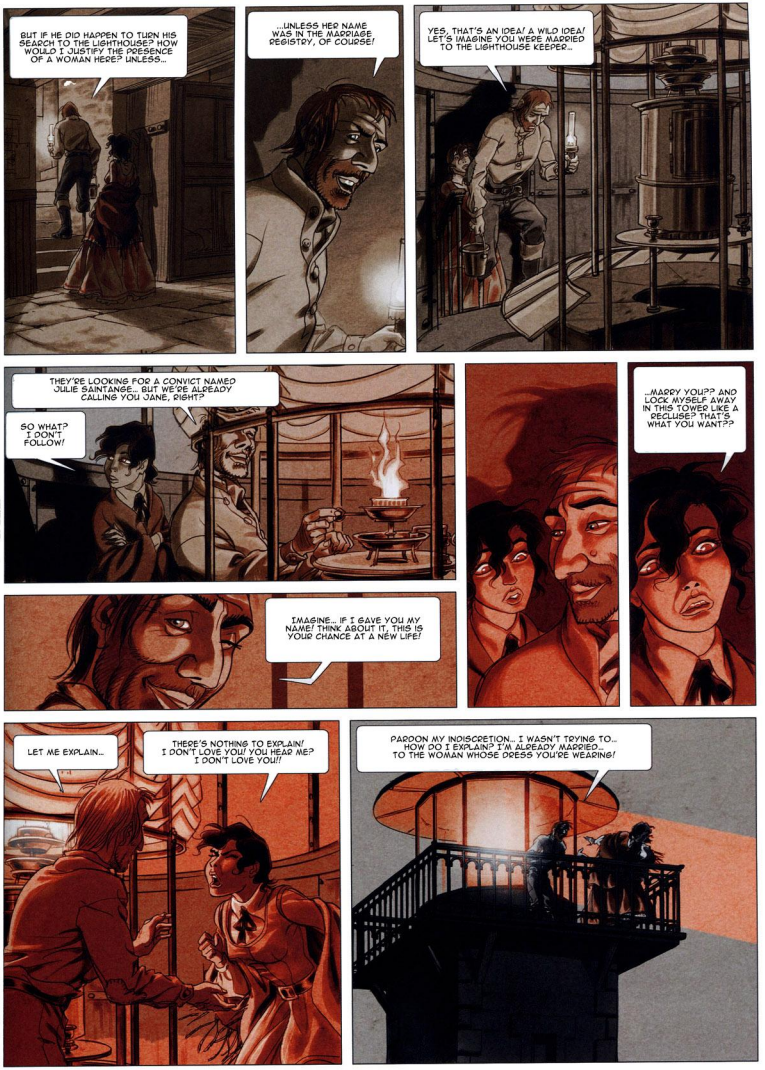
...THE WRECK OF THE DESIRE IS GONE, PULLED OUT INTO THE OPEN OCEAN...
FOR GOD'S SAKE! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SAY IT? THE SEA IS DANGEROUS! A SINGLE WAVE COULD TAKE YOU AWAY! AND WHAT'S MORE, WHAT IF YOU WERE SEEN??

I'M SICK OF BEING LOCKED UP! DON'T YOU GET IT? BESIDES, WHO MIGHT SEE ME?
I... I... LISTEN, YOU HAVE TO COME BACK INSIDE! WINSTON IS STAYING ON THE MAINLAND AND I HAVE TO LIGHT THE BEACON!

YOU'RE AWFULLY NERVOUS, ADAM. THE AUTHORITIES ARE IN THE VILLAGE, AREN'T THEY?
THE ENGLISH, YES... WITH A FRENCH COMMISSIONER, A RELENTLESS MAN BY THE NAME OF GUIZOT... HE'S SINGLED YOU OUT IN HIS SEARCH.
...GUIZOT? THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE.

THAT WOULD BE LUNACY! WHERE WILL YOU GO? WHERE WILL YOU HIDE? NOBODY WILL HELP YOU! THE POLICE THREATENED TO SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!!

...OF COURSE, SEARCHING ON LITTLE SKYVORE WOULD BE NO EASY TASK... WITH THE HELP OF THE POOR WEATHER, THE COMMISSIONER SHOULD BE SATISFIED TO TAKE THE PRIEST'S WORD...

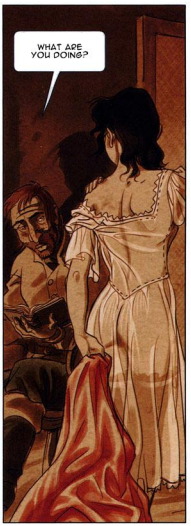

BUT IF HE DID HAPPEN TO TURN HIS SEARCH TO THE LIGHTHOUSE? HOW WOULD I JUSTIFY THE PRESENCE OF A WOMAN HERE? UNLESS...
...UNLESS HER NAME WAS IN THE MARRIAGE REGISTRY, OF COURSE!
YES, THAT'S AN IDEA! A WILD IDEA! LET'S IMAGINE YOU WERE MARRIED TO THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER...
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A CONVICT NAMED JULIE SAINTANGE... BUT WE'RE ALREADY CALLING YOU JANE, RIGHT?
SO WHAT? I DON'T FOLLOW!
...MARRY YOU?? AND LOCK MYSELF AWAY IN THIS TOWER LIKE A RECLUSE? THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT??
IMAGINE... IF I GAVE YOU MY NAME! THINK ABOUT IT. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE AT A NEW LIFE!
LET ME EXPLAIN...
THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN! I DON'T LOVE YOU! YOU HEAR ME? I DON'T LOVE YOU!!
PARDON MY INDISCRETION... I WASN'T TRYING TO... HOW DO I EXPLAIN? I'M ALREADY MARRIED... TO THE WOMAN WHOSE DRESS YOU'RE WEARING!

THAT WAS HER, THE PATIENT WHO LEFT THE ISLAND... YOU KNOW... AFTER THE GREAT FAMINE, MANY YOUNG WOMEN WERE PREPARED TO MARRY THROUGH MAIL TO SURVIVE... SO I SENT SOME MONEY TO AN AGENCY IN DUBLIN...
SHE HAD BLACK HAIR, WHICH IS RARE FOR AN IRISH WOMAN. HER NAME WAS MARY JANE O'STEENE. SHE ARRIVED TWO YEARS AGO. SHE WAS VERY WEAK... HER BODY COULDN'T HOLD UP IN THIS CLIMATE. THE TUBERCULOSIS TOOK HER. I TOLD FOLKS SHE NEVER ARRIVED AND INSTEAD RAN OFF WITH A SAILOR TO AMERICA...
...WE'D JUST NEED TO SAY YOU CAME BACK. THEN YOU SHOW UP TO SUNDAY MASS IN DISGUISE, THEY'LL BE NONE THE WISER. WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO INVITE THEM TO THE WEDDING... IT'S NOT VERY ROMANTIC, SURE, BUT SOMETIMES LIFE...
SHUT UP!!
...SHUT UP! YOUR LIFE HERE IS ROTTEN! IT'S HOPELESS AND LOATHSOME! SO PLEASE, KEEP YOUR LIFE FOR YOURSELF! I HATE YOUR LIFE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
...ENDING MINE... THAT'S MY ONLY WAY OUT! ONLY DEATH OFFERS ME A CHANCE AT FREEDOM...
YOU SILLY GIRL! ALL THIS TIME SPENT LOOKING OUT TO SEA, YOU'VE BEEN CONSIDERING THROWING YOURSELF IN, HAVEN'T YOU?
...WHAT WAS HOLDING YOU BACK?
I TOLD YOU! I'M CONDEMNED TO LIFE!
...I'M A WIDOW! A WIDOW! AND I HATE YOU!!

JANE... I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO LOVE ME. JUST TO TRY... THREE MONTHS!

...ONLY THREE MONTHS. ENOUGH TIME TO FORGET ALL ABOUT JULIE SAINTANGE, THE ESCAPED CONVICT... DO YOU REALLY HAVE A CHOICE?
YOU... YOU DISGUST ME!

DO I DISGUST YOU THAT MUCH?


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PRETENDING WE'RE MARRIED... THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, ISN'T IT?

JANE, I...
SHH. NOT A WORD... MAKE ME FORGET JULIE THE CONVICT... JUST FOR ONE NIGHT...
STOP! STOP!
I'M SORRY. I CAN'T...
WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T SPEAK OF THE PAST?
THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW! I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING! WHO LOVED YOU? WHO MADE YOU CRY?...

HIS NAME WAS BERNARD...
...IN THIS LIFE OR IN ANOTHER, HIS FAMILY NAME WAS MY DESTINY... HE GAVE ME A SON... WHOM HIS FAMILY STOLE FROM ME BEFORE HAVING ME IMPRISONED. ALL I HAVE LEFT OF MY SON IS A PHOTOGRAPH... HIS FATHER, HOWEVER...
TODAY HE RESIDES ON AN ISLAND ACROSS FROM THIS ONE... POPULATED BY A CONGREGATION OF BEINGS WITH WHITE FEATHERS. I HEAR HIM CALLING ME EVERY DAY... WHICH REMINDS ME OF MY PROMISE TO DIE WITH HIM, A PROMISE I BROKE... I SURVIVED, BUT HE DID NOT!
JULIE... THE ONLY ISLAND NEAR HERE IS CALLED THIS AN, AND ALL THAT LIVES THERE ARE SEAGIRDS...
I KNOW... BUT YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND!
...EACH TIME I SURVIVE, I HEAR OLD, MAD HUGO SAMBRE WHISPERING TO ME, MOCKING ME... IT WAS WRITTEN! FOR THE WAR OF EVES IS ETERNAL, AND YIELDS NOUGHT BUT WIDOWS AND WORM FOOD!!
I SWEAR, IN THIS LIFE OR THE NEXT, I'LL FIND BERNARD! WHAT DOES IT MATTER IF THE BODY OF MY BELOVED IS INVISIBLE, IF OUR FATE IS A COLD ETERNITY, SO LONG AS I CAN SPEND IT IN HIS ARMS!!
YOU HEAR ME, HUGO!? AND YOU TOO, SARAH? AND ALL THE SAMBRES! MY LOVE FOR BERNARD IS MY VENGEANCE!!...
...EVEN IF IT IS CURSED...

...the painful decision that this loss thrust upon you, knowing that your dear mother's plans for our happiness together have been spoiled... I can assure you (as if there was any doubt) that the memory of your regal visage has followed me and given me strength in my efforts to find the perpetrator of the crime that has led me far away from you... It is with a fervor that would make you proud that I allocate all resources available to me to the task of finding her body, alive or dead, or at least some clue that would offer proof that the cursed girl shall never again be able to bring harm to our family. I have been hoping that the discovery of The Deare will bring with it proof thereof to our satisfaction. Sadly, the ship has sunk, taking with it both its cargo and its bodies, which number twenty or so poor souls who were still chained together. At this time it is possible that Julie Sawkaye has survived, but the chances of that diminish with each passing hour. To my knowledge, no convicts that were aboard have been found alive. It is time now for me to lay my misgivings to rest and embrace what you have taught me. Let time do its work, and place my trust in fate...

COUGH... HACK!
...WHY ARE YOU COUGHING!?!
PA... PARDON ME... *COUGH! COUGH!!!*
AND YOU'RE SPITTING! YOU DISGUSTING WENCH!! YOU SPIT ON MY...
...*COUGH!... COUGH!!*
GET OUT, FOR GOD'S SAKE! OUT!!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, MISTER COMMISSIONER?
THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOUR DAUGHTER IS DISGUSTING AND HAS SLOBBERED ALL OVER MY LETTER!
A THOUSAND PARDONS!!! THE POOR GIRL'S THE ONLY ONE ON HER FEET RIGHT NOW! DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU IN THE VILLAGE?
WHAT?... THAT THIS BITCH WOULD HACK UP HER GUTS UP ALL OVER MY TABLE?
PLEASE, COMMISSIONER! ALL THEM BODIES RECOVERED IN THE PAST FEW DAYS... 'COURSE THERE'S GONNA BE SICKNESS GOING AROUND...
...ALL MY STAFF IS BEDRIDDEN! IT'S A PROPER EPIDEMIC, COMMISSIONER! THOSE ROTTEN CONVICTS BROUGHT UP TYPHOID FEVER FROM THE TROPICS...

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, COMMISSIONED? WITH THE WEATHER HOW IT IS, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BE CERTAIN!
YOU MUST BE JOKING...
THE CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE LEFT ME WITH NO CHOICE... TYPHOID FEVER IS EXTREMELY CONTAGIOUS! IN THE SPACE OF TEN DAYS, YOU NOT ONLY STOP SPITTING AND COUGHING, YOU STOP BREATHING TOO, ALL AT ONCE. I PRAY WE'LL BE SPARED SUCH A FATE...
IT SEEMS THIS BREAK IN THE WEATHER IS THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS. WITHOUT IT WE'D BE ON THAT ISLAND ANOTHER WEEK!
WHAT A COUNTRY! AND I BET THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE A DOCTOR IN THE AREA...
NOT TRUE! THERE'S THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER, HE HAS SOME MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE... NOBODY TOLD YOU OF HIM?
...APPARENTLY NOT... BUT NO MATTER, WE'LL HAVE TO PLACE OUR TRUST IN FATE... FOR NOW!
ACCORDING TO THE SAILORS, A SHIPWRECKED CONVICT WOULD HAVE TO BE EXCEPTIONALLY LUCKY TO REACH THE ISLAND SAFELY IN THE FIRST PLACE. TO SURVIVE A TYPHOID EPIDEMIC AFTER THAT WOULD BE AN AFFRONT TO THE ALMIGHTY HIMSELF!! GOD ONLY PROTECTS GOOD CHRISTIANS, DOESN'T HE?
MY YOUNG FRIEND, I WOULDN'T COUNT ON THAT!...
TELL THE GOVERNMENT TO PLACE THE ARCHIPELAGO UNDER QUARANTINE... I DON'T WANT A SINGLE ONE OF THOSE SINNERS TO SET FOOT ON THIS CONTINENT... WHEREVER THEY ARE, ALIVE OR DEAD. I WANT THEM TO STAY THERE!!
ADAM SCOTT SHAGREEN, WHERE ARE YOU? SHOW YOURSELF!
I'M RIGHT HERE, DONOVAN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING AT MY LIGHTHOUSE?
...CONVINCING YOU TO GIVE UP THAT GIRL TO THE AUTHORITIES! DON'T LIE, ADAM! WINSTON TOLD ME EVERYTHING!

SHE'S GOT THE FEVER IN 'ER, DOC. JUST LOOK AT THEM EYES!

WONDERFUL. THANKS FOR YOUR LOYALTY, WINSTON!

BE REASONABLE, ADAM! THIS GIRL IS A CONVICT AND A CRIMINAL. SHE WAS LIVING IN FILTH WITH ALL HER SHIPMATES, THERE IS NO WAY SHE'S NOT AFFLICTED! SHE IS A THREAT TO OUR FAMILIES!

IF YOU WERE RIGHT, DON'T YOU THINK SHE'D BE IN SOME SORT OF PAIN? JUST LOOK AT HER...

I CAN TELL YOU BESIDES THAT IT WAS CERTAINLY THE CONTACT WITH THE CADAVERS THAT CAUSED THE OUTBREAK! SHE'S NO CADAVER.

EVER SINCE THOSE POOR WRETCHES ARRIVED HERE, SKYVORE MICHAEL HAS BEEN GRIPPED BY THIS EPIDEMIC! AND YOU, INSTEAD OF HELPING YOUR OWN, YOU'RE PROTECTING THIS... THIS...

THAT'S MY WIFE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, DONOVAN! JANE O'STERNE, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW HER, HER NAME IS IN YOUR MARRIAGE REGISTRY!

DON'T BE ABSURD, ADAM! WE ALL KNOW THAT JANE O'STERNE RAN OFF WITH A SAILOR! NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE YOU IN THE VILLAGE!

ON SUNDAY I'LL BE AT MASS WITH HER BY MY SIDE. THEY'LL GOSSIP, BUT NO SUBSTANTIAL SUSPICIONS WILL COME OF IT!

YOU CAN LIE TO THEM, BUT YOU CAN'T DECEIVE GOD! FOR I, AS HIS SERVANT, KNOW THAT YOU TWO ARE NOT MARRIED!!

THEY'RE RIGHT, ADAM. IF YOU DON'T HAND ME OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, THEY'LL COME AFTER YOU. SOMEONE MUST BE GUILTY! SOMEONE'S ALWAYS GUILTY...

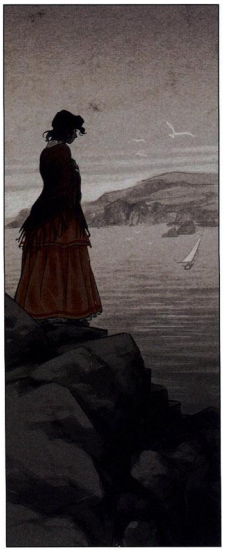
NO! OUT OF THE QUESTION! I AM A DOCTOR AND I CAN AFFIRM THAT SHE IS NOT CONTAGIOUS! I SWEAR ON THE CROSS! YOU WANT PROOF?

PLEASE! DO THIS FOR ME...

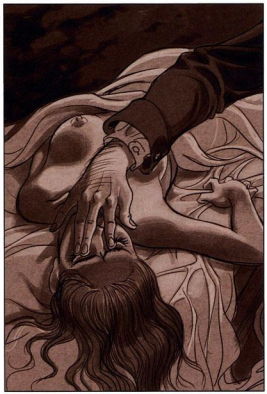
THERE, DONOVAN. DID YOU SEE THAT? YOU THINK TO BE MAD ENOUGH TO KISS A GIRL WITH TYPHOID?...

NOW, TAKE ME TO SEE THOSE AFFLICTED... I HAVE NO MEDICINE, BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO MAKE THEIR LAST HOURS PEACEFUL...

I KNOW YOU, ADAM. PERSONALLY, I BELIEVE YOU ARE MAD! FOR THREE DAYS I'VE BEEN PRAYING OUT OF FEAR FOR YOU!!



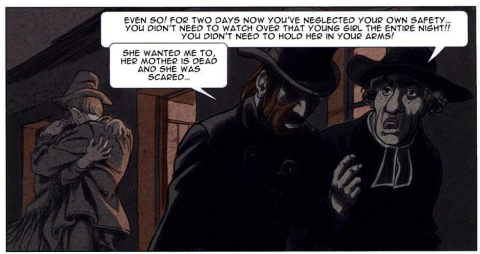
MAY SAINT THOMAS FORGIVE YOUR LACK OF FAITH! ALL I WANT IS FOR US TO BE MARRIED UPON MY RETURN. THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE IN ORDER. AS FAR AS THE VILLAGERS WILL BE CONCERNED, JANE O'STERNE WILL HAVE RETURNED TO ME, AND I TO YOUR CHURCH. AND ALL WILL BE RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!. PROMISE ME, DONOVAN!



IT'S OVER, ADAM. THE FEVER HAS TAKEN HER. YOU CAN DO NOTHING MORE FOR HER...

DON'T GET NEAR HER, DONOVAN. IF YOU WANT TO GIVE HER HER LAST RITES, DO IT OUTSIDE! AND WASH YOUR HANDS. THIS IS THE POINT WHERE THE SICKNESS IS THE MOST CONTAGIOUS...
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN EXPOSED...

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! I HAVE NO FEAR OF ILLNESS!


EVEN SO! FOR TWO DAYS NOW YOU'VE NEGLECTED YOUR OWN SAFETY... YOU DIDN'T NEED TO WATCH OVER THAT YOUNG GIRL THE ENTIRE NIGHT!! YOU DIDN'T NEED TO HOLD HER IN YOUR ARMS!
SHE WANTED ME TO. HER MOTHER IS DEAD AND SHE WAS SCARED...

LISTEN TO ME, YOU ARE OVERSTEPPING YOUR DUTIES. IT IS MY JOB TO COMFORT THE SICK, ADAM, TO SAVE THEIR SOULS...
IS IT, NOW?

THEN DO IT, DONOVAN! PLEASE, GO AHEAD AND SAVE THEM! AND IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE, TRY TO SAVE THEIR LIVES AS WELL! THAT'S WHAT I'VE...

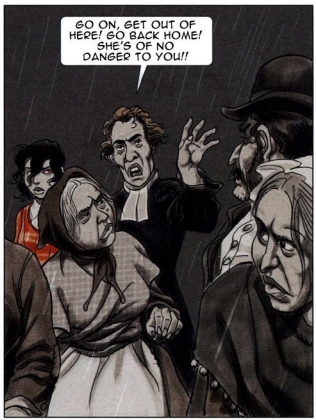
COUGH, COUGH...

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, ADAM!/ YOU STUBBORN FOOL! I TOLD YOU NOT TO TOUCH YOUR PATIENTS!
DON'T GET ALL WORKED UP... I JUST NEED SOME SLEEP!... TAKE ME TO YOUR PLACE, DONOVAN. I'LL BE BACK ON MY FEET IN TIME FOR MASS TOMORROW!
I ONLY ASK THAT YOU BRING JANE HERE! TOMORROW IS SUNDAY AND... I WANT TO KEEP MY PROMISE.
THAT WILL BE DIFFICULT, ADAM... YOU'RE COUGHING UP BLOOD!/ AND HOW AM I TO KNOW IF IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT GIRL, OR YOUR CONVICT?
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE THOMAS! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME REGRET COMING TO TEND TO YOUR PARISHIONERS? I GAVE YOU YOUR PROOF...
NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED, I SUPPOSE! PUNISHED BY A PRIEST, NO LESS! JUST DO IT, DONOVAN! OR MAYBE I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!/
OF COURSE, SEAN. THIS IS DOCTOR SHAGREEN'S WIFE. DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HER? IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME...

YES, YES, ENTER. SO LONG AS YOU DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU'RE IN NO DANGER! JULIE...
CAN I CALL YOU JULIE? THAT'S YOUR REAL NAME, ISN'T IT? ON SUNDAY YOU'LL OFFICIALLY BECOME JANE O'STERNE.
YOU KNOW FULL WELL YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO MASS ON SUNDAY!
HEAT UP SOME WATER... AND POUR IN THIRTEEN DROPS OF THIS. THIS IS BACH FLOWER ESSENCE, A POWERFUL REMEDY! TOMORROW I'LL BE BACK ON MY FEET, I PROMISE...
...BECAUSE IF I DON'T GO WITH YOU ON SUNDAY, THEY'LL NEVER ACCEPT YOU IN THE VILLAGE... I KNOW THEM! THEY'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES.
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU LOOK AT ME THAT WAY BEFORE...
WHY ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS FOR ME?
THE PRIEST WOULD TELL YOU THAT I'M LEAVING MY PURGATORY, AND STRIVING TO MAKE IT TO HEAVEN...
BUT YOU DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN ANY OF THAT!
I'M TRYING, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE...
ANYWAY, MIGHT I ASK YOU FOR A FAVOR? ... YOU HAVE TO ALLOW THE PRIEST TO BLESS US. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE'LL RECOGNIZE YOU AS PART OF HIS PARISH...
...IF I DON'T MAKE IT TO MASS, YOU'LL HAVE TO APPEAR AT MY BURIAL. IF YOU DISGUISE YOURSELF THEY WON'T SEE YOUR RED EYES, ONLY THE WIFE OF ADAM SCOTT SHAGREEN...

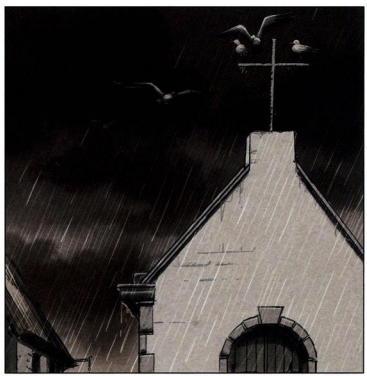
IN THREE MONTHS, EVEN THE POLICE WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN THE ESCAPED CONVICT. WITH A NEW IDENTITY AND WHAT LITTLE MONEY I HAVE LEFT, YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE AT A NEW LIFE. ONLY THREE MONTHS... AND YOU'LL BE FREE!
SHOULDN'T YOU BE JUMPING FOR JOY RIGHT NOW?
WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION OUTSIDE?
MY FRIENDS! I'M TELLING YOU, SHE'S THE DOCTOR'S WIFE!
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, THAT'S A DIRTY LIE, FATHER! WINSTON TOLD US EVERYTHING!
SHE'S ONE OF THE CONVICTS FROM THE DESIRE! A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL...
ENOUGH! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! THOSE CORPSES AND THIS GIRL HAVE CURSED US ALL...
THINK LOGICALLY, RYAN! DO YOU REALLY THINK GIVING HER UP TO THE AUTHORITIES WILL CURE THIS EPIDEMIC?
THERE WAS A TIME, FATHER, WHEN THE CHURCH WOULD BURN WITCHES!! BESIDES...

WHAT? ARE YOU AFRAID I'LL CAST A SPELL ON YOU?


GO ON, GET OUT OF HERE! GO BACK HOME! SHE'S OF NO DANGER TO YOU!!

YOU'RE QUITE BRAVE, MISS! BUT THEY'LL BE BACK! ONCE THE WEATHER PERMITS, THE MORE FEARFUL AMONG THEM WILL HURRY TO ALERT THE AUTHORITIES! WE CAN'T HOPE FOR THE RAIN TO SCARE THEM OFF A SECOND TIME!

AND YOU, FATHER? AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GETTING SICK? AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF ME?
IN THE EYES OF THE LORD, SICKNESS IS FIRST AND FOREMOST A RESULT OF SIN! THAT IS WHY I PRAY...



THIS IS THEIR MATING SEASON. IN THREE MONTHS THEY'LL MIGRATE SOUTH.
...JUST LIKE YOU...

DO YOU HEAR HIM? HE'S SHOUTING, DELIRIOUS.. HE'S CALLING FOR SOMEONE..
WHY'S HE SHOUTING HIS OWN NAME?
AH! THE PAST CATCHES UP WITH A MAN AS HE APPROACHES HIS DAY OF JUDGMENT. ADAM ISN'T HIS REAL NAME.. DIDN'T HE TELL YOU?
WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE HIS WIFE NOW.. HIS NAME IS FERGAL O'HARA. ADAM SCOTT SHAGREEN IS THE NAME OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER WHOSE IDENTITY HE STOLE.. AFTER A BAD FIGHT, HE STOLE THE MAN'S PAPERS, JOINED HIS REGIMENT, AND FOUGHT IN HIS PLACE IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.. ALL JUST TO SURVIVE.
THE IRONY IS THAT HE RECEIVED HONORS FOR BRAVERY IN SAVING HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS. TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, THE SHAGREENS TURNED A BLIND EYE TO THE IMPOSTER TURNED WAR HERO TO AVOID A SCANDAL, BUT DEMANDED IN RETURN THAT HE EXILE HIMSELF TO SKYVORE ISLAND..
OH?... AND THE REAL SHAGREEN? ARE YOU SAYING HE KILLED HIM..?
FERGAL NEVER CONFESSED TO IT/ BUT I FIGURE THE REMORSE INSPIRED HIS PROCLIVITY FOR SAVING FOLKS.. GOD KNOWS IF IT HELPED HIM IN THE END..
HE'S IN AGONY.. I'D SAY IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS NOW..
NO!

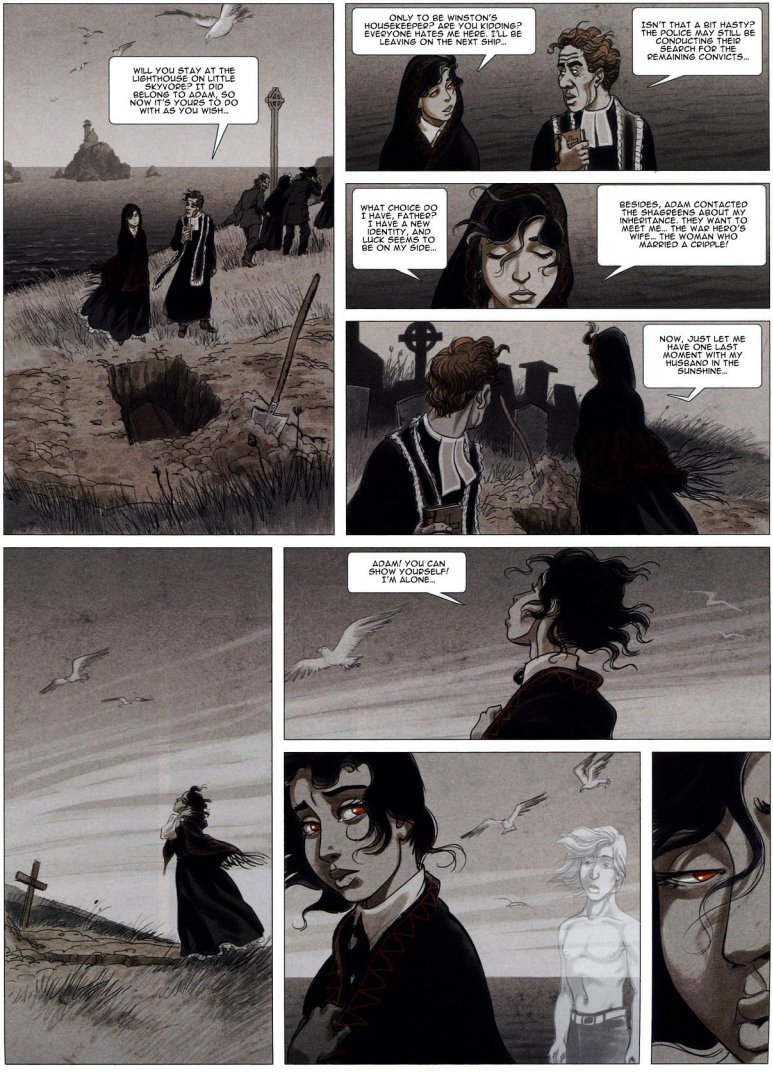
EH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU MAD?
ADAM?
...OR FERGAL, WHAT DOES IT MATTER... WAKE UP, I BEG YOU!
J... JANE... NO! YOU CAN'T...
NO! THIS ISN'T RIGHT! YOU CAN'T DIE!
...BUT I DON'T WANT TO SURVIVE ALONE! PLEASE, YOU MUST GET BETTER!
...YOU'RE THE FIRST GOOD MAN I'VE MET IN A LONG TIME...
D... DON'T TOUCH... ME! NO...
DON'T SPEAK! I'M A MIRACLE, YOU SAID IT YOURSELF! I'LL SURVIVE... I SURVIVE EVERYTHING!
...SORRY, LITTLE ONE... I...
NO! NO!! YOU MUST LIVE!...

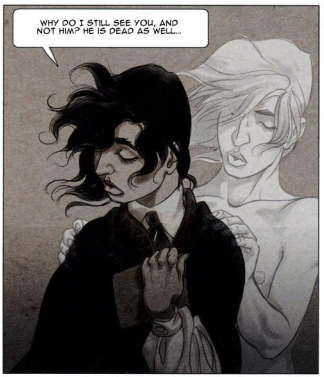
...YOU MUST!
I NEED YOU...
...TO LIVE?...

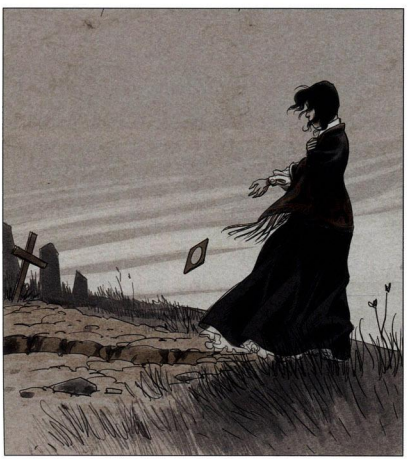
STAY AWAY, ANDREW! AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TOUCH HER! YOU NEVER KNOW..
CALM YOURSELF, MARGARET! DOCTOR SHAGREEN TOOK HER AS HIS WIFE, AND HE SWORE SHE WASN'T S..

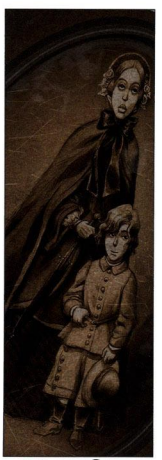
WHO THREW THAT STONE?

IT'S LIKE THE SICKNESS, FATHER! CAN'T BLAME NOBODY, IT JUST FELL OUT OF THIN AIR!!


WILL YOU STAY AT THE LIGHTHOUSE ON LITTLE SKYVORE? IT DID BELONG TO ADAM, SO NOW IT'S YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU WISH...
ONLY TO BE WINSTON'S HOUSEKEEPER? ARE YOU KIDDING? EVERYONE HATES ME HERE. I'LL BE LEAVING ON THE NEXT SHIP...
ISN'T THAT A BIT HASTY? THE POLICE MAY STILL BE CONDUCTING THEIR SEARCH FOR THE REMAINING CONVICTS...
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE, FATHER? I HAVE A NEW IDENTITY, AND LUCK SEEMS TO BE ON MY SIDE...
BESIDES, ADAM CONTACTED THE SHAGREENS ABOUT MY INHERITANCE. THEY WANT TO MEET ME... THE WAR HERO'S WIFE... THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED A CRIPPLE!
NOW, JUST LET ME HAVE ONE LAST MOMENT WITH MY HUSBAND IN THE SUNSHINE...
ADAM! YOU CAN SHOW YOURSELF! I'M ALONE...







End of Chapter

In the old study where his grandfather had shut himself away to write The War of Eyes, Bernard-Marie sketches the faces of his ancestors. Sarah enters the room...

ROSINE TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE DRAWING THE THINGS YOU SEE AT NIGHT... I'M GLAD. DESCRIBE THESE PHANTOMS TO ME, AND I WILL TELL YOU WHICH OF YOUR ANCESTORS THEY ARE... FOR EXAMPLE, I CAN GUESS THAT YOU MUST HAVE DRAWN A PHANTOM WITH AN EYEPATCH OVER HIS RIGHT EYE. LIKE THE PIRATE FROM TREASURE ISLAND, LIKE YOU...

Bernard-Marie turns to his aunt. He wears a patch which hides his injured eye.

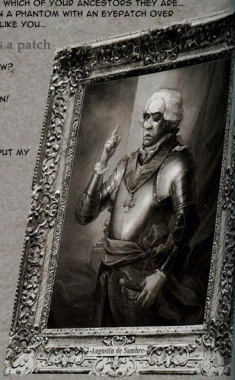
HOW DID YOU GUESS, AUNTIE? ARE YOU ABLE TO SEE NOW?

Sarah

HAHA! I DON'T NEED TO BE ABLE TO SEE, I HAVE INTUITION! HIS NAME IS AUGUSTIN DE SAMBRE. THERE IS A PORTRAIT OF HIM IN THE DINING ROOM.

Bernard-Marie

YES, THAT'S RIGHT! HE'S THE ONE I WANTED TO DRAW. I PUT MY SKETCH UP NEXT TO HIS PORTRAIT!



Sarah

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, HE SCARED ME TERRIBLY. I DID NOT DARE LOOK AT HIM DIRECTLY... I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS HIDING BEHIND HIS EYEPATCH...

...NOW I KNOW... IT WAS HATE! A MAIMED EYE HIDES AN INSIDIOUS, TREACHEROUS HATRED. HIS STERN QUIET GAZE IS NOTHING BUT A MASK FOR HIS HATE.

Bernard-Marie

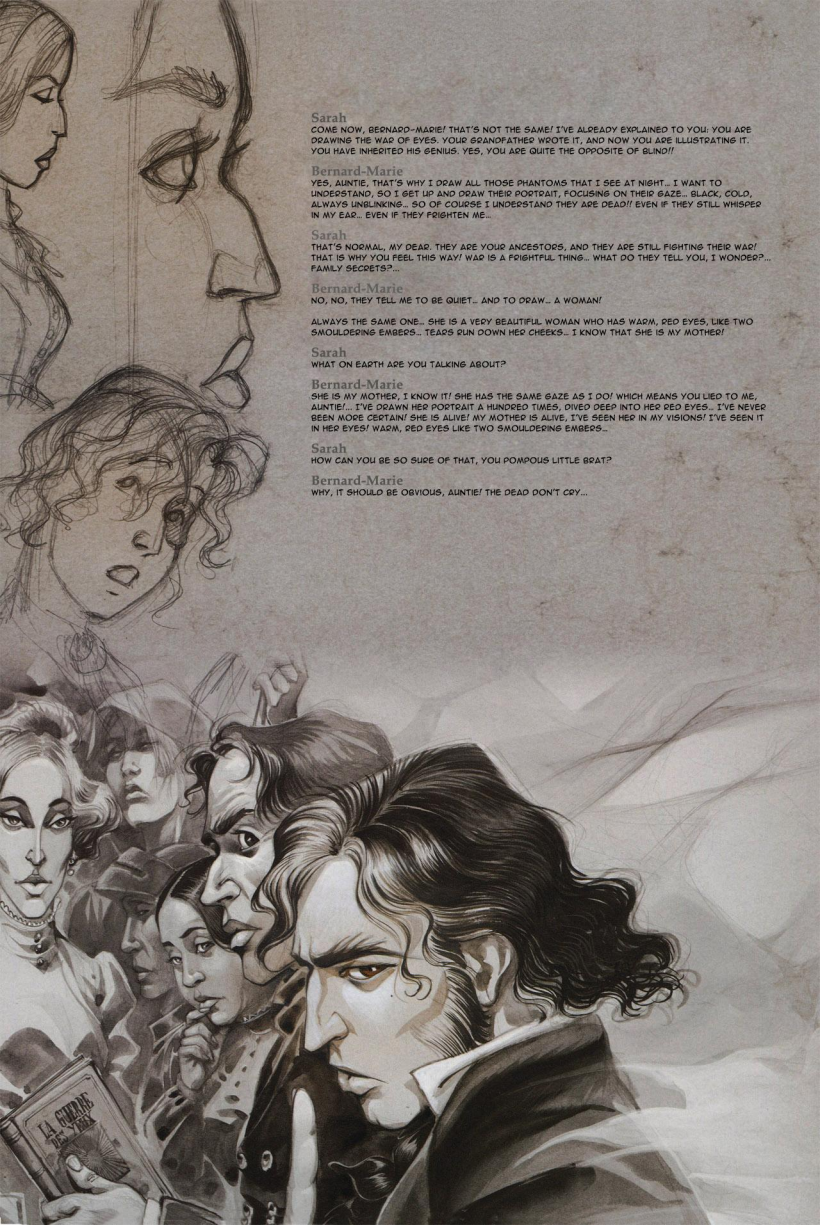
I HAVE HATE HIDDEN IN MY EYE...??

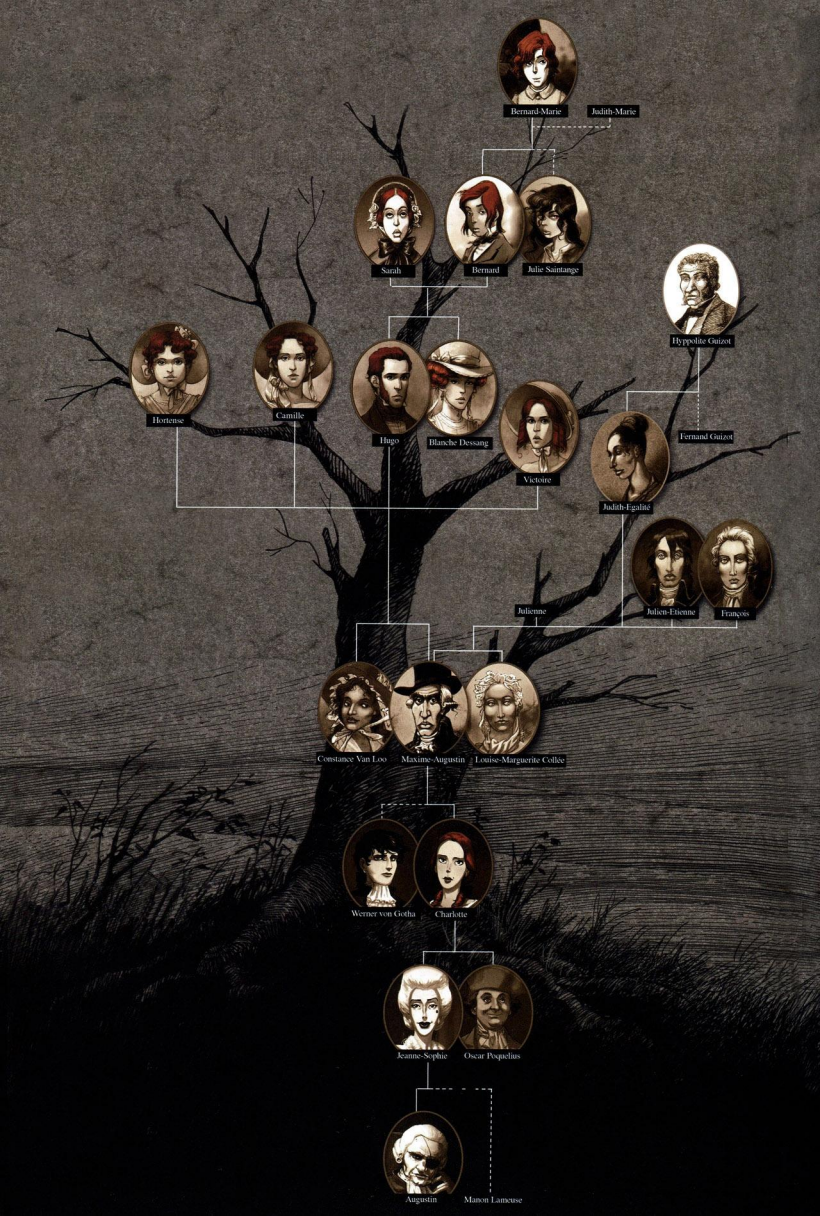
Sarah

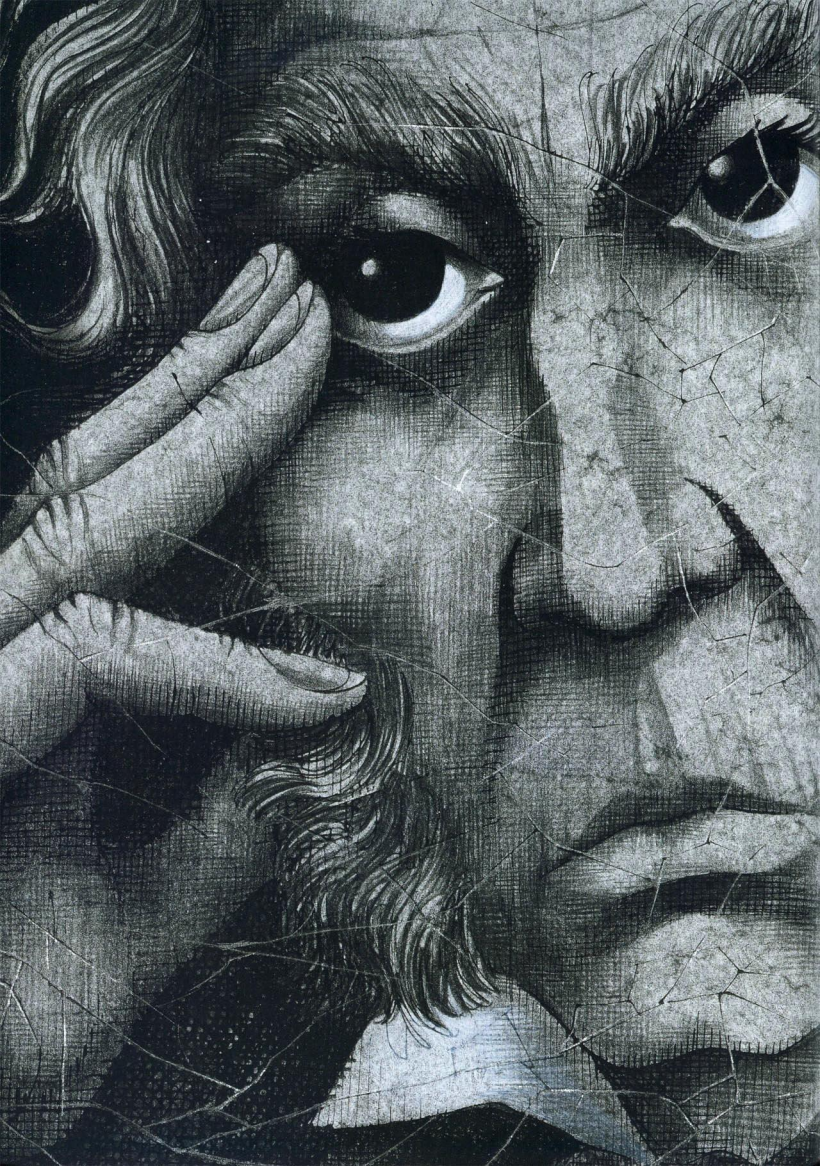
OF COURSE NOT, DEAR! WORRY NOT! HE IS NOTHING LIKE YOU: HE WAS BLIND IN THAT EYE, AND DID NOT BLEED FROM IT LIKE YOU DO. HE IS ALSO LONG DEAD. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

Bernard-Marie

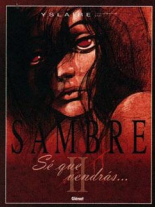
NO. I'M BLIND IN ONE EYE AS WELL...

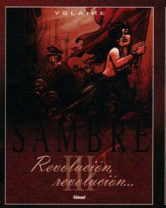

Sarah
COME NOW, BERNARD-MARIE! THAT'S NOT THE SAME! I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED TO YOU: YOU ARE DRAWING THE WAR OF EYES. YOUR GRANDFATHER WROTE IT, AND NOW YOU ARE ILLUSTRATING IT. YOU HAVE INHERITED HIS GENIUS. YES, YOU ARE QUITE THE OPPOSITE OF BLIND!
Bernard-Marie
YES, AUNTIE, THAT'S WHY I DRAW ALL THOSE PHANTOMS THAT I SEE AT NIGHT... I WANT TO UNDERSTAND, SO I GET UP AND DRAW THEIR PORTRAIT, FOCUSING ON THEIR GAZE... BLACK, COLD, ALWAYS UNBLINKING... SO OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND THEY ARE DEAD!/ EVEN IF THEY STILL WHISPER IN MY EAR... EVEN IF THEY FRIGHTEN ME...
Sarah
THAT'S NORMAL, MY DEAR. THEY ARE YOUR ANCESTORS, AND THEY ARE STILL FIGHTING THEIR WAR! THAT IS WHY YOU FEEL THIS WAY! WAR IS A FRIGHTFUL THING... WHAT DO THEY TELL YOU, I WONDER?... FAMILY SECRETS?...
Bernard-Marie
NO, NO, THEY TELL ME TO BE QUIET... AND TO DRAW... A WOMAN!
ALWAYS THE SAME ONE... SHE IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO HAS WARM, RED EYES, LIKE TWO SMOULDERING EMBERS... TEARS RUN DOWN HER CHEEKS... I KNOW THAT SHE IS MY MOTHER!
Sarah
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
Bernard-Marie
SHE IS MY MOTHER, I KNOW IT! SHE HAS THE SAME GAZE AS I DO! WHICH MEANS YOU LIED TO ME, AUNTIE!... I'VE DRAWN HER PORTRAIT A HUNDRED TIMES, DIVED DEEP INTO HER RED EYES... I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE CERTAIN! SHE IS ALIVE! MY MOTHER IS ALIVE, I'VE SEEN HER IN MY VISIONS! I'VE SEEN IT IN HER EYES! WARM, RED EYES LIKE TWO SMOULDERING EMBERS...
Sarah
HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE OF THAT, YOU POMPOUS LITTLE BRAT?
Bernard-Marie
WHY, IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, AUNTIE! THE DEAD DON'T CRY...

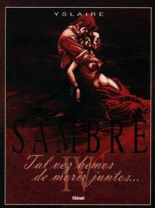

Bernard-Marie
Judith-Marie
Sarah
Bernard
Julie Saintange
Hyppolite Guizot
Hortense
Camille
Hugo
Blanche Dessang
Victoire
Fernand Guizot
Judith-Egalité
Julien-Etienne
François
Julienne
Constance Van Loo
Maxime-Augustin
Louise-Marguerite Collée
Werner von Gotha
Charlotte
Jeanne-Sophie
Oscar Poquelius
Augustin
Manon Lameuse



SEGUNDA GENERACIÓN (1847 1848)

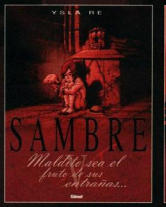


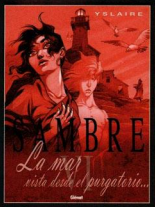




CAPÍTULO 6 TERCERA GENERACIÓN (1856 1868)

Skyvore Island, mayo de 1857 Sorprendida por una tormenta, La Désirée surca las olas frente a la costa de Irlanda. En las bodegas transporta presidiarios encadenados que, a cambio de una reducción de pena, han aceptado el destierro en Cayena. Entre ellos se encuentra la número 3.492, conocida como Julie Saintage, que se ha abandonado a la melancolía. El recuerdo de Bernard Sambre pugna con el de Bernard Marie, el hijo que tuvieron juntos. Bernard está muerto, Bernard Marie le ha sido arrebatado.





ISBN 978-8-4994-7274-4